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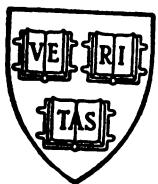
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Ceremonies at the Dedication of
the Soldiers' Monument, in (West)
Roxbury, Massachusetts

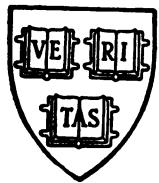


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CEREMONIES
AT
THE DEDICATION
OF THE
SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

IN
(WEST) ROXBURY, MASS.,

SEPTEMBER 14th, 1871.

BOSTON:

PRESS OF HOLLIS & GUNN,
25 HAWLEY STREET.

1871.

~~10326, 29~~

US 13187.41.25

1872, Mar. 8.

Gift of
Sam'l F. Green, M.D.

of Boston.

(Feb. 26. 1851.)



VOTE OF THE TOWN.

IN TOWN MEETING assembled, Sept. 20, 1871, the following Resolve passed :—

Resolved, That the thanks of the Citizens of West Roxbury are hereby tendered to the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, for the able, appropriate, and impressive Address delivered by him at the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument; and that we request a copy of his remarks for publication.

A true copy of record.

Attest,

WM. MACCARTY, *Town Clerk.*



DEDICATORY CEREMONIES.

ON the afternoon of Sept. 14, 1871, the citizens of West Roxbury, by common consent, suspended all business, and devoted themselves to the solemn Dedication of their newly erected Soldiers' Monument.

The weather was auspicious, no accident occurred, and the entire observances were of a quiet, serious, and impressive character, well suited to the occasion.

At three o'clock a procession was formed under the direction of Col. JOSEPH STEDMAN, Chief Marshal, in the following order:—

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

West-Roxbury Police, Capt. A. McDonald.

Aid.

CHIEF MARSHAL.

Aid.

FIRST DIVISION.

Edmands' Band.

Aid.

Col. C. F. Harrington, Marshal.

Aid.

Co. A, West-Roxbury Rifles, Lieut. W. H. Lethbridge.

Co. L, Clafin Guards, Newton, Capt. Kingsbury.

Monumental Committee.

Selectmen of West Roxbury.

Orator of the Day, and Chaplain.
Invited Guests, including Gov. Claflin and Staff, Gen. Burrill and
Staff, and Gen. Schouler.
Town Clerk, and School Committee.
Overseers of the Poor, and Assessors.
All other Town Officers.
Clergymen of the Town.
Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors of the late War.
Post 26, G. A. R., Capt. Brownell Granger, 125 men.
Section of Artillery from Battery A, Third Light Battery.

S E C O N D D I V I S I O N .

Aid.	A. C. Jordan, Marshal. Metropolitan Band.	Aid.
West-Roxbury Fire Department, under command of J. F. Rogers, Chief Engineer, Steamer F. C. Head.		
S. M. Weld Hose Company.		
Fountain Engine Company No. 1, 50 men.		
Engine Company No. 2, 40 men.		
Engine Company No. 3, 40 men.		
Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, 30 men.		

T H I R D D I V I S I O N .

Aid.	J. D. Billings, Marshal.	Aid.
Public Schools of West Roxbury.		
Citizens generally, numbering about 500 in all.		

One of the most attractive features of the procession was the Fire Department, the engines and hose-carriages being very tastefully decked with flowers, while the members appeared in neat though showy uniforms. A large wagon also appeared in the procession filled with young Misses dressed in white, and each carrying a bouquet.

The procession, after passing through the principal streets, halted at the Monument, where a large assemblage had gathered, and the Dedicatory Exercises commenced with Prayer by Rev. A. M. HASKELL; after which GEORGE F. WOODMAN, Chairman of the Building Committee, surrendered the Monument to the town authorities in the following words:—

REMARKS OF GEORGE F. WOODMAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—At the annual town meeting, held March 28, 1870, it was unanimously voted,—“That the sum of Fifteen Thousand Dollars be appropriated for the purpose of erecting a Monument in honor of the West-Roxbury men who died in the service of their country during the Rebellion;” said Monument to be built under the direction of the Memorial Committee, and placed upon this spot.

Your Committee have performed the duty imposed upon them by this vote in a faithful and conscientious manner. The result of their labors is before you; and they feel, in the language of their Report, that “it is an ornament to the town, and a fitting tribute to the memory of our fallen brethren.”

Upon the obelisk, in the interior of the structure, will be found inscribed the names of twenty-three of our fallen townsmen, acquaintances, and friends; almost all of them young men,—the very flower and pride and hope of our community. The list is as follows:—

Brig. Gen. T. J. C. AMORY, died of yellow fever at Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 7, 1864.

Lt. Col. LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT, Jr., 1st Mass. Cavalry, killed near Belfield, Va., Dec. 9, 1864.

Capt. WILLIAM BLACKSTONE WILLIAMS, 2d Mass. Inf., killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., Aug. 9, 1862.

Capt. WILLIAM H. SIMPKINS, 54th Mass. Inf., killed at Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863.

Capt. WILLIAM F. COCHRAN, 28th Mass. Inf., died May 20, of wounds received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, 1864.

Adjutant HENRY M. BOND, 20th Mass. Inf., shot by guerillas in Virginia, died May 14, 1864.

Lt. CHARLES G. RUSSELL, 12th Mass. Inf., killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.

Lt. ALFRED R. GLOVER, 53 Mass. Inf., killed at Port Hudson, La., June 14, 1863.

Sergeant CHARLES H. MANNING, 45th Mass. Inf., died at Newbern, N. C., June 21, 1863.

Sergeant CHARLES A. BRAZIER, 1st Mass. Inf., killed at Williamsburgh, Va., May 5, 1862.

Corporal LEVI LINCOLN, 9th Batt. Mass. Lt. Artillery, killed at Pittsburgh, Va., June 18, 1864.

JAMES F. GILSON, 9th Batt. Mass. Lt. Artillery, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.

JAMES W. THOMAS, 56th Mass. Inf., died at Andersonville, July, 1864.

CHARLES H. STEARNS, 11th Mass. Inf., killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

CHARLES A. HARPER, 1st Mass. Vols., discharged for sickness, died at West Roxbury, Oct. 28, 1862.

JOSEPH HARPER, 1st Mass. Inf., died at Williamsburg, Va., May 17, 1862.

THOMAS A. BAKER, 1st Mass. Inf., died in hospital, March 26, 1862.

HORACE GOODWIN, 35th Mass. Inf., killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

JOHN BURKE, 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, died in hospital, Sept. 18, 1863.

MUNROE GEORGE, 41st Mass. Inf., died at Brashear City, La., May 14, 1863.

CURTIS W. GROVER, 1st Mass. Inf., killed at Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862.

MICHAEL DOLAN, 28th Mass. Inf., killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

EDWARD NORTON, 28th Mass. Inf., killed at Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862.

And I embrace this opportunity to say, that, while a much larger number fell who were accredited upon the quota of this town, the Committee have only recorded the names of those who were *actual residents of West Roxbury at the time of their enlistment*; and if it shall hereafter be discovered that there are any other names that, under this rule, should be added, ample space has been left upon the tablet for their insertion.

I also deem it proper to say, that while the great lessons of the war never ought and never will be forgotten, still this is no triumphal arch, raised to perpetuate our victories over treason and rebellion; we can safely trust all that to impartial history: but this Monument is simply what it was intended to be—an affectionate memorial to our heroic dead.

And I regret to add, that to some even this is unwelcome. The unrepentant rebels of the South, who to-day unblushingly declare that "they do not accept the situation," that "they accept nothing," undoubtedly view the observance of Memorial Day, and the erection of such monuments as this, with aversion; and the comparatively small number in the North whose consciences to-day accuse them of having been false to their God and their

country during the dark hours,—to all such these memorials, standing in our midst, must necessarily be a standing reproof. But we are not to take into account the wishes or feelings of either of these two classes; for, thanks be to Almighty God, the great, the overwhelming majority of our people were not only loyal, but actively and enthusiastically patriotic; and they look upon the building of these memorials as a pleasant, a grateful, and a pious duty. The erection of Memorial Monuments, Memorial Tablets, and Memorial Halls, all over the land, amply proves this.

And now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Board of Selectmen, nothing remains for your Committee but to surrender this Monument as a sacred trust to you and to your successors in office. Guard, protect, and preserve it, that our children and our children's children, to all future generations, may come up here, and read the names of the West-Roxbury men who gave their lives that the country might live, and not only that it might live, but that it might live a *free* country, in the highest and broadest and noblest sense of that word, and who died that, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, “the government of the people, and *by* the people, and *for* the people, should not perish from the earth.”

The Monument will now be unveiled.

At the conclusion of this Address, the flags which draped the Monument were withdrawn amid the plaudits of the spectators, while a Federal salute of thirteen guns was fired by the battery.

Mr. NATHAN B. PRESCOTT, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, formally accepted the Monument from the Chairman of the Memorial Committee.

REMARKS OF NATHAN B. PRESCOTT.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,—In behalf of my associates of the Board of Selectmen; in behalf of the citizens of West Roxbury, whose authority and presence greet this occasion and invest it with power and honor,—I accept and salute this Monumental Soldier. And in so doing I am moved first of all, both for myself, for the Board, and the town, to return you hearty thanks for your faithful, patriotic, and successful work. I congratulate you, and pronounce you fortunate, that you were chosen for this tender and loving service in memory of our noble dead. And in the presence of this beautiful and appropriate Soldiers' Monument I congratulate you, fellow-citizens, and pronounce you fortunate, both for the servants you selected, and the service rendered. And while thus formally accepting this tribute of tender affection and sacred memory, I am eager to say that we accept it in the loving and patriotic spirit in which it is surrendered to our hands. You have well said, Mr. Chairman, that this is no triumphal arch raised to perpetuate the memory of our victories over treason and rebellion, but simply and purely a monument raised in affectionate remembrance of our heroic dead. In our love for country and kindred we can almost forget the victory and

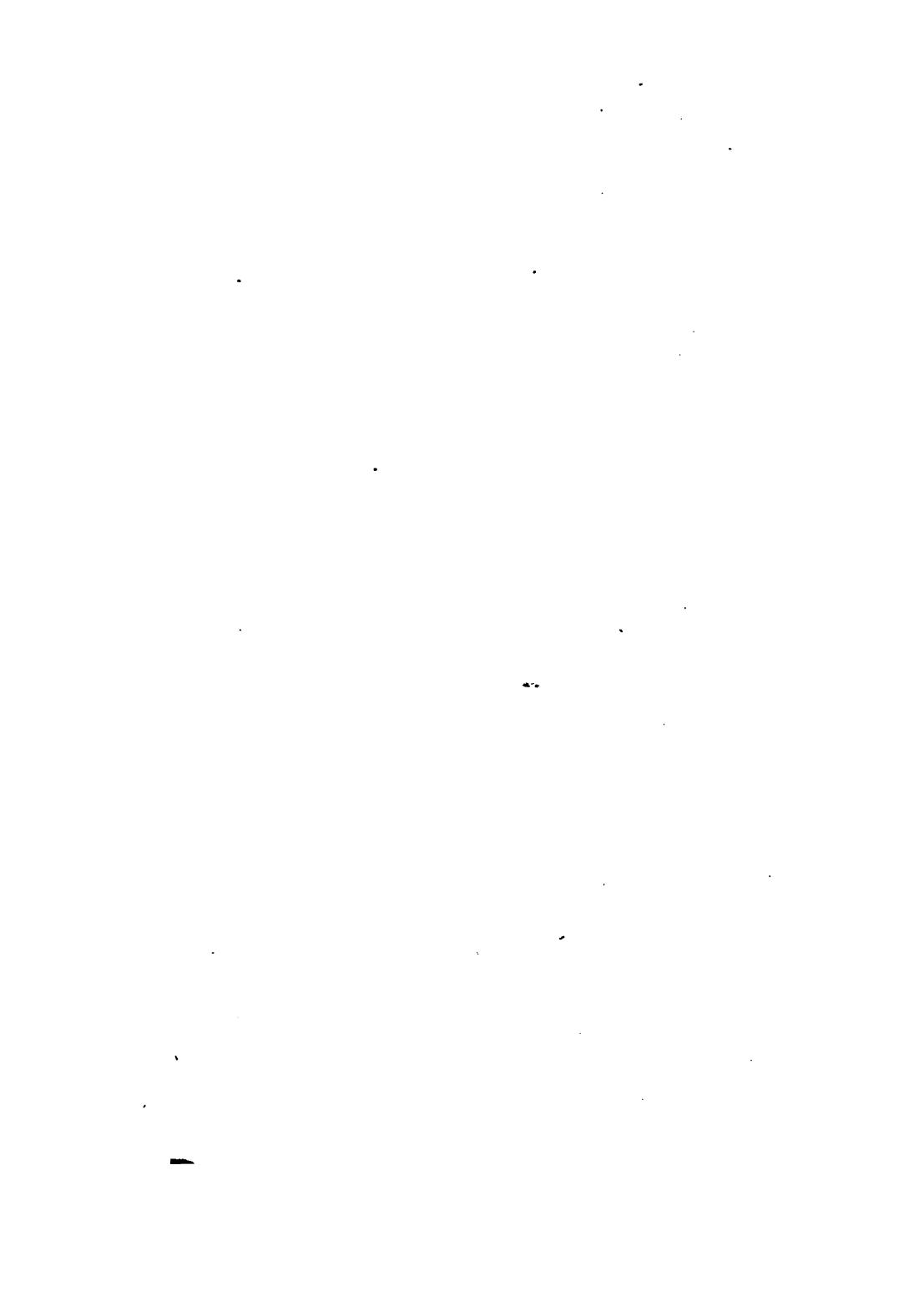
the treason ; for the struggle itself meant love, not hate. When the battle raged fiercest and hottest we were only saying, with the emphasis of fire and blood, " We cannot let you go ; you must not desert the old homestead ; you shall not forsake the family altar ; you shall not cut loose, and drift away into outer darkness ; but the clear sky of the Union must still bend over us, and girt us round, and protect and bless us *all* together." And so we dedicate this Monument to our beloved dead with only tender, sacred, and loving memories : in no spirit of exultation over a fallen foe, or of party or sectional triumph, but in gratitude rather that the country has triumphed ; that we are all brethren still,— members of a common and mighty household, heirs and joint-heirs of a common country, a just government, an impartial constitution, a well-nigh heavenly inheritance, which these dear brothers of ours died to uphold, and which this silent soldier shall always seem to plead may never fade away.

Gentlemen of the Memorial Committee, you have surrendered this Monument to us and to our successors in office as a sacred trust. The serious and tender words are well chosen ; and for myself, for my associates of the Board, for our successors in office, and for each and every citizen of the town, I pledge for it all the care and love and reverence which you so earnestly invoke. I pledge for it the devotion of the patriot who will often come and stand in this mute presence to thank and bless the saviours of his country. I pledge the strong love of the comrade soldier who will linger here to greet his old companion in arms, and bid him hail and farewell. I pledge

a brother's love and sister's, as, with sorrowful but proud hearts, they look up to this sad face, and greet their brother. I promise the love of father and mother, so deep and warm as almost to thrill this granite statue into the life and likeness of their own dead soldier-boy.

Yes, fellow-citizens, we all accept the sacred trust, and safely promise the fondest guardianship; for all the affections of human nature stand pledged to keep it. No tender office of love or gratitude or reverence shall ever fail thee, thou consecrated soldier, for thou shalt be a living presence in all our hearts and homes!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Orator of the Day, was then announced, and spoke as follows:—



A D D R E S S
OF
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

NEIGHBORS, FELLOW TOWNSMEN, AND FRIENDS,

Meeting to dedicate these stones to the memory of the brave men of this place who gave their lives in the cause of Union and Freedom, our minds are carried back to the time when they went from among us. Who can forget those dark hours at the commencement of the war? The long struggle between Liberty and Slavery had brought face to face two gigantic foes. One was the Slave-power,—an oligarchy of about four hundred thousand slaveholders, owning some four millions of slaves, worth three thousand millions of dollars. Intermarrying among themselves, holding the chief political offices in the South, the slaveholders were an aristocracy as proud, exclusive, and domineering as that of Venice or Poland. United by common interests—pecuniary, social, and political—with the single paramount purpose of maintaining and extending slavery, it ruled the South with a rod of iron, allowing no freedom of speech, of the press, or of the pulpit. By means of this perfect union, it had obtained the control of

the national government, and, before 1860, had taken possession of the whole national organization. It annexed Texas in 1845, defeated the Wilmot Proviso in 1846, passed the Fugitive-Slave Bill in 1850, repealed the Missouri Compromise in 1854, obtained the Dred-Scott Decision in 1857. It controlled both Houses of Congress, possessed the Executive, and directed the decisions of the Judiciary; so holding in its hand the army and navy of the Union.

But, on the other side, there had grown up, with wonderful rapidity, a mighty opposing force. It was unorganized; it was invisible. Its weapons were not carnal; its missiles were the imponderables of the soul. It had neither fleets nor armies, neither judges nor presidents; but it was a terrible power, ominous of coming change. It was the anti-slavery opinion of the North, which had been opposed first by mobs, then by ridicule, lastly by arguments, but had conquered them all. As Herod the king, in the midst of his power and glory, feared John the Baptist, "knowing that he was a just man," so the slave-power, which feared nothing else, feared the anti-slavery platform. William Lloyd Garrison might have used the words of Pope, and said,—

"Yes, I *am* proud; I must be proud to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me."

Both the great parties, Democratic and Whig, united in 1850 to put down the anti-slavery agitation. For a few months there was a lull in the storm. Then a woman's pen, inspired by genius and profound conviction, broke the silence. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published.

Five hundred thousand copies were sold before the end of the year—a million in England. It was translated into nineteen languages, and the whole world was again discussing the great theme.

At last the “irrepressible conflict” of tongue and pen—as Mr. Seward happily termed it at Rochester, in 1858—drew to its close, and a sterner strife became imminent. Abraham Lincoln was chosen President in November, 1860. Seven States seceded from the Union. Southern senators resigned their seats in Congress. The seceding States seized on the forts and other public property of the United States in their neighborhood. Finally, April 12, 1861, fire was opened on Fort Sumter, and the war began.

And here let me stop a moment to see how the Providence of God had prepared the way for a successful defence of the Union against its foes. The North had been educated for years by two great political parties: by the Republican, whose war-cry was *Freedom*; and the Democratic, whose watchword was *Union*. Secession struck at both. It defied Freedom, by its purpose of maintaining and extending slavery; it struck at Union, by its purpose of establishing a Southern Confederacy. It therefore united against itself all that was honest and true in the two great Northern parties. Those who had been educated by the Democrats to believe in Union, those who had been educated by the Republicans to believe in Freedom, joined hands to defend both when threatened by secession. Let us remember this, and always maintain Freedom and Union, one and inseparable.

Again, consider how fortunate we were in the president chosen for the hour. He seems to have been the very man to unite the North. Had he been more of an abolitionist, he would not have carried with him the conservatives ; had he been more of a conservative, he would not have had the support of the reformers. Moving slowly, but always moving ; cautious, but determined ; surrounding himself with the best and wisest advisers, but at last deciding all great questions himself ; bearing the malignant assaults of foes and the impatience of friends with imperturbable good temper,—he gained and held the confidence of the people.

Remembering all this, let us also bless God for having sent us, in our hour of need, the great and good Abraham Lincoln.

And once again, a good Providence had prepared the nation for this terrific struggle, when the Fathers of our State established the system of free schools. Without these, we never could have conquered the Rebellion. The government could have done nothing, if it had not been supported always by the determined will of the nation. That will was the result of conviction, and that conviction was born of intelligence. Every man at the North knew that his prosperity and security, his present comforts and his hope for the future, depended on putting down the Rebellion. Only that knowledge enabled the people to make the efforts, meet the dangers, and bear the privations of the long war. Without the free-school system, the people could never have attained that knowledge. The common schools saved the nation. Therefore let

the nation always maintain the common school,— the best democratic institution in the land, where the sons of the richest and poorest man sit side by side,— the unsectarian school, whose doors are open to all the children of the State.

But still another element was needed to organize these convictions, and to apply them to the work in hand ; and that also was providentially provided by our plan of local self-government. The people, accustomed from the first to assemble in town meetings, did not wait to be called upon from Washington, but came together in their townships, chose committees to raise men, voted money for immediate wants, and proceeded to discipline troops. Let us maintain the townships and the primary meetings, and resist all excessive centralization.

Lastly, there was the preparation made by the Northern church in giving a religious education to the conscience. When the general in command went into Faneuil Hall to see the troops who passed the night there before marching to relieve Washington, he found them singing psalms, and is reported to have said, “ Good Heavens ! have the Southerners got to fight men who sing psalms ? ”—remembering, perhaps, Cromwell’s iron-clad regiments. The New-England churches differ on many points, but in one they agree : they all teach that religion consists in obedience to God’s moral laws, and not merely in the belief of creeds. Religion at the South is often a belief, a ceremony, or an emotion : religion at the North has been, in the main, an attempt to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

The nerve of our army was in their religious convictions. The true leader of our nation's armies was that stern old man, possessed by the sense of justice,—a fanatic if you will, but a fanatic for humanity and right; awful in his purpose as an old Jewish prophet; the incarnation of Puritanism as applied to the nineteenth century. Wherever our armies marched, John Brown's soul marched before them, making them feel that theirs was the cause of God, and that the Lord was on their side, so that they were sure of ultimate success. In that faith Shaw fell at Wagner, and Putnam at Ball's Bluff. In that faith these, our noble sons and brothers, were sanctified, and the war became a holy war. The battle-hymn of the republic was inspired by this id  a, for

“Their eyes had seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.”

So it came to pass, by means of our free schools and our other Northern institutions, that when the hurricane of secession burst on the land, the country was prepared to resist and conquer it. Then it was seen that the cold, hard North was built on a “surging, subterranean fire” which lifted it to the height of the solemn hour. Then, when the awful storm of secession swept like a tropical cyclone over the South, black with thunder, red with forked lightning, it was answered by a Northern earthquake which shook the land from Maine to Minnesota, and poured out its volcanic fires of patriotism from the pine forests of Katahdin to the snowy peaks of Colorado. Then one great impulse united all hearts and hands in the determined purpose to save the country. Then we

knew no longer any distinction of Republican or Democrat, foreign citizen or native American, Catholic or Protestant, capitalist or day-laborer. Then the hardy German and the warm-hearted Irishman joined with the Puritan and Yankee to save the country, the dear, common mother of all. Then the fair-haired boy—the support of his aged father, the joy of his mother's heart, the ripe fruit of our best culture—said, “Father, mother, it is my duty to go; let me go, and die, if it must be, for my country;” and they laid their hands on his young head, and answered, “Go, my boy; go and die!” Then from all the towns of Massachusetts came one voice,—from her farms and her manufactories, from her fishermen and her sailors,—

“ From her rough coasts and isles, which hungry ocean
Gnaws with his surges; from her fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the breezes' motion
Round rock and cliff;

“ From the free fireside of her unbought farmer;
From her free laborer, at his loom and wheel;
From her brown smithshop, where, beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel,”—

From each and all,—one grand impulse of conscience, courage, and patriotism hurried the young and old forward to imitate their fathers, and offer in the holy cause “their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.”

Our rulers at Washington, far behind the people in their appreciation of the situation, were alarmed at the magnitude of the popular movement, and tried to check it. May 15th, 1861, Secretary Cameron positively refused to accept from Governor Andrew more than six regiments of three-months' volunteers, and said, in his letter to our

Governor, "It is important to *reduce* rather than to enlarge this number (of six regiments), and in no event to exceed it. Let me earnestly recommend to you, therefore, to call for no more than eight regiments, of which six only are to serve for three years; and if more are already called for, to reduce the number by discharge."

But before the end of the war, Massachusetts sent to the front sixty-one regiments of infantry, besides artillery and cavalry; furnished, out of a population of 1,200,000, 159,000 soldiers and sailors to the army and navy of the United States, and raised and expended \$42,000,000. At the end of the war it appeared that every city and town had filled its quota upon every call for troops; and all, except twelve, had furnished a surplus over all demands, the aggregate of which surplus was over fifteen thousand men. These facts have been furnished me by one of our fellow-citizens, General Schouler, whose services during the war as Adjutant General were of the greatest value to the State and nation.

In all this work our town, fellow-citizens, took an ample share. Our first town meeting in relation to the war was held May 20, 1861, and its chairman was a man who devoted his time, thought, and means, during the whole war, to his country and its cause. In 1863 the town voted him its thanks for his services in procuring volunteers. But no formal vote of thanks can express what we all owe to the energy, patriotism, and devotion of our loved, revered, and lamented fellow-citizen, **STEPHEN M. WELD**.

At a meeting in 1862, it being proposed to lay out a new road, it was resolved, on motion of John C. Pratt

"that the only road desirable to be opened at the present time is the road to Richmond."

West Roxbury furnished seven hundred and twenty men to the war, a surplus of twenty-six over and above all demands, and appropriated \$86,000 to war purposes, besides \$22,000 from private subscriptions.

The ladies of West Roxbury, at the beginning of the struggle, formed a Soldiers' Aid Society, which raised over \$8,000, and furnished our soldiers with more than eight thousand articles of clothing and comfort. I may be allowed here to name the president and active promoter of that Society, Mrs. GEORGE W. COFFIN.

In this town was recruited and drilled one of the finest of the Massachusetts regiments. I happened to be the owner of Brook Farm in 1861; and when the Second Massachusetts was about to be organized, I offered it to my friend, Morris Copeland, Quartermaster of that regiment, and it was accepted. Before I had the farm it had been the scene of a famous social experiment not eminently successful. I never raised much of a crop upon it before; but in 1861 it bore the greatest crop of any farm in Massachusetts, in the courage, devotion, and military renown of the officers and men of that noble regiment.

And now we are here to do honor to the brave men who went from among us to give themselves to this great struggle for Union and Freedom. We have welcomed back, with tears and praises and thanks to God, those whom the cruel horrors of war spared to return. We welcome to-day, with tears and praises, those immortal souls whose mortal bodies could not return alive. They

sleep on many fields,—in the lovely valleys of Virginia, on the pestilential plains of North and South Carolina, on the shores of Texas, on the bluffs of the Mississippi, in the far South, and in the cemetery of Gettysburgh amidst the smiling valleys of Pennsylvania. Of our forty-six West-Roxbury soldiers who died in the war for Union and Freedom, one was killed at Bull Run, in the first battle of the war; nine fell in 1862, seven in 1863, nine in 1864, three in 1865, and seven at times unknown. Would that the time would allow us to speak of each separately. But one or two cases of special interest I may be permitted to dwell upon for a moment.

General THOMAS J. C. AMORY, who died of yellow fever at Beaufort, N. C., October 7, 1864, four days after the death of his wife of the same disease, was the first officer of the regular army who became an officer of volunteers in Massachusetts; and the first officer of the regular army who received a military commission from Governor Andrew, who appointed him to the command of the 17th Massachusetts. He assisted Governor Andrew greatly at the beginning of the war by his military knowledge in forming regiments and getting off troops; and the high position taken by our State at that critical hour is to be attributed in part to his efforts. In command of his regiment, he proceeded to Washington; and then, with Burnside's expedition, to North Carolina; and there remained, till his death, in a most important outpost, where his judgment was shown in many services, and his courage tested in many serious engagements. He died honored and loved by all who knew him, and after his death

received the commission of Brigadier General from the War Office, on the back of which I find this indorsement in the writing of Governor Andrew : —

“ These papers are forwarded through Colonel Henry Lee, Jr., to the father and family of the late Thomas J. C. Amory, for their information of the fact that the records of the Department of War show that his devoted and meritorious services and character obtained (though too late for his own enjoyment of the honor) the recognition of a brevet promotion to the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers.

“ JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of Massachusetts.”

Lieut.-Colonel LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT was the son of one of our distinguished fellow-citizens, and the son-in-law of another. He entered the army as surgeon, but soon became Captain of the First Massachusetts Cavalry ; and for his energy, courage, and skill, he was soon promoted to the rank he held at his death. He fell near Belfield, Va., sword in hand, in the presence of the enemy. His fighting comrades called him a “ man of iron : ” those who knew him in his home knew that to this iron strength was added much of culture, taste, tenderness, and Christian faith.

Would that I might speak fully and in detail of all the noble men whose names are before us. But I must at least mention Captain WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS, who, when he entered the service, said, “ I am young and unmarried, and am just the one to go.” He fell in the terrible battle of Cedar Mountain, where the Second Regiment, out of twenty-two officers, brought out only eight uninjured. He

fell by the side of CARY, GOODWIN, ABBOTT, and PERKINS. "It was splendid," says their comrade, ROBERT SHAW, "to see those fellows, some sick, walk straight up into the shower of bullets, as if it were so much rain,—men who, until this year, had lived lives of perfect ease and luxury. It is hard to believe we shall never see them again, after having been constantly together for more than a year. I do not remember a single quarrel of importance among all our officers at that time."

He who wrote these words to his mother in August, 1862, himself, in less than a year, fell gloriously on the parapet of Fort Wagner, calling to his regiment to follow him. By his side fell another of our brave boys of West Roxbury — Capt. WILLIAM H. SIMPKINS. His friend and comrade, CABOT RUSSELL, had been struck by a ball, and fell. Capt. Simpkins offered to carry him off. "No," replied the brave boy, "but you may straighten me out." As Simpkins stooped to perform this service, a bullet pierced his breast, and he fell dead on his friend's dying body. Capt. Simpkins entered the Fifty-fourth Regiment of colored soldiers, not from enthusiasm, but from a solemn sense of duty, and he died nobly on one of the noblest fields of battle in the war.

And another name stands on that stone, — the name of one, the child of a dear friend of mine, — one whose purity of heart, sincerity, tenderness, and conscience endeared him to all who knew him. Like Capt. Simpkins, HENRY MAY BOND went to the war, and returned to it again, from a pure sense of duty. He had no taste for military life; in his modesty he distrusted his own fitness for the ser-

vice ; but he thought it his duty, having served his time, to re-enlist and go again ; and he went. In a letter to a brother officer he says : " In the hour of personal danger I am strong and courageous only in the faith that, should it please God to take my life while in the discharge of what I deem to be my highest duty, all will be well with me. I should be worth nothing to my friends or my country without that faith in God." So the good, brave boy lived cheerfully and patiently ; so, cheerfully and patiently, he died.

In speaking of the officers who were more conspicuous, let us not forget that the services of those who enlisted, fought, and died as private soldiers, were at least as honorable and deserving of our gratitude. The private surrendered his liberty, he encountered more hardships, he was often exposed to greater danger, he had fewer of the compensations and little of the glory. Let us, then, give him as full a measure of our gratitude and our love. Among the names of the private soldiers on our Monument, are those of two brothers, CHARLES H. HARPER and JOSEPH HARPER, whose father and mother are with us. They gave their two boys to their country, and it was a greater gift than the whole fortune of an Astor or a Vanderbilt.

On the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, in the crypt of St. Paul's, in commemoration of this great architect who filled London with his churches, are the simple words, *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*, — " If you ask for his monument, look around you." So we may say of those who fell in defence of our common country, — " If

you ask for their monument, look around you." The country itself, saved by their devotion, is their true monument. Not for their sakes, then, but for our own, do we erect this Monument. They do not need it, but we do.

The whole land, redeemed, regenerated, and disin-thralled, is the only adequate monument to their heroism. But, in the hurry of our busy life, in the pressure of our multitudinous cares, we need to be reminded, by the sight of this simple structure, by the letters of these noble names, that we are bound to keep the country pure which they made safe.

There are some, I believe, who object to such monuments, on the ground that they tend to keep alive the memory of civil warfare, which had better be forgotten. But this is a mistake. If I were in a Southern State, and stood by a memorial erected there in love and gratitude to the soldiers of their lost cause, would it excite any feeling of hostility in my mind? Rather I should say, "They died in a bad cause; but if they believed they were right, I can respect their self-devotion." Such monuments would impress on me the conviction that *they believed* in their cause, and were sincere, and so would lead me to respect them. But if Southerners, travelling through the North, should see no testimony on our part to our heroes and martyrs, they might justly infer that we did *not* believe in *our* cause. But wherever the eye falls on such memorials as this, it is at once felt that we were in solemn earnest; that we considered the war for Union a holy one, and all who fell in it heroes and martyrs. These stones will say to every citizen of the South, "We

did not fight you in anger or from selfishness, but in pure love of Union and Freedom. It is because we believe Union and Freedom as good for you as for ourselves. It was no battle of North against South, but of right against wrong ; and when we won the victory, we won it for you as well as for ourselves. The country these brave men saved is your country as well as ours. We can all be proud in the triumph of our common land."

To our heroes and martyrs we erect these stones,—not so much for their sake as for our own. They, being dead, still speak. They speak, to teach us never to despair of the country. They tell us that, though the times may be bad, there are yet many noble souls ; that patriotism, courage, conscience and devotion do not die out of human hearts ; that though there may be robbers who plunder the country, and demagogues who deceive the people ; though evil abounds, and the love of many waxes cold,—there is yet a power to redeem and to save. In the darkest hour of our nation's night there flamed up this great spirit of generous courage in the souls of our boys, and turned the darkness into day. Let us remember this, and never despair.

And when we pass this Monument, when our eyes fall on these names, let us remember that what they saved we are bound to keep safe. Therefore let me close by adopting the sublime words of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg : " In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. These brave men, living and dead, have consecrated it far above our power to add or

detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to their unfinished work,— to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,— that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The exercises were closed with the singing of "America" by the members of Post 26, Grand Army of the Republic, and a Benediction by Rev. Mr. HUBBELL, when the procession was reformed, and marched to the Town Hall, where a collation was served to the G. A. R., Military, and Firemen, which closed the proceedings of the day.

The presence of Governor CLAFLIN and staff, General BURRILL and staff, and other distinguished guests, added interest and dignity to the occasion, and was especially gratifying to our citizens, who feel that, by the raising and dedication of this Memorial, they have been able to pay a small instalment upon the debt of gratitude which we all owe to those who fell in our defence during the war for the Union.

D E S C R I P T I O N .

The Monument is designed in the Gothic style of architecture, appropriate to the material of which it is built. The base is of dark Quincy granite, measuring eleven feet square and three feet high, and is constructed in courses of ashlar work, the upper course having a broad wash and bevel surface. The superstructure is of Clark's Island granite, of a bright gray color, in agreeable contrast with that of the base. Above the base, and at the angles, are four pinnacles, rising to a height of twenty feet, ornamented with carved groups of military trophies and bronze finials. In each side of the Monument is a pointed arch, opening into an interior chamber or vault. These arches are surmounted by gables, the face of each having a triangular panel, in which are cut, with raised letters, the names, LINCOLN, ANDREW, THOMAS, and FAR-RAGUT. Enclosed by the gables and pinnacles rises a small, octagonal dome, covering the vault below; and above the dome is a pedestal, also octagonal, with moulded base, and a die, upon each side of which are carved festoons of drapery caught up with rosettes at each angle. A bold moulded capping surmounts the die; and above this cap is a plain octagonal plinth, upon which stands a

statue, representing a soldier leaning in a pensive attitude upon his musket, as if contemplating in sorrow the loss of his comrades. The total height of the Monument is thirty-four feet, including the statue, which is seven feet.

In the interior of the vault is an Italian-marble Obelisk, upon which is inscribed the names of the West-Roxbury men who died for their country during the Rebellion.

ARCHITECT.

W. W. LUMMUS.

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FREDERICK & FIELD, . . *Stone and Cutting.*

JOSEPH SALA, *Statue and Emblems.*

NELSON CURTIS, *Foundation, Sidewalk, and Setting.*

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